

JULIA LISELLA

Road to Radiation

Lift the latch, open the door
or let me do it for you.
And ease into the passenger
seat beside me. Guide me out
the skinny driveway to protect
the browning lawn on either side.
At the street we dip below the curb. A car
I didn't see honks and swerves
around your white four door
you've let me drive. You are not disturbed.
Be careful.

I didn't see.

Yup. Yup.

As I steer
us further into Queens, along the parkway
out to Nassau county, your side-way shortcut
you know every pothole
up, down, around, through.
The intersection, a five way deal,
takes long minutes. We pass through.
At the medical building where
no one lives the gay nurse
says hello. A receptionist
writes your name down. I pick up a magazine
to read about cancer. Put it down.

Take out my Mina Loy. Incomprehensible.

You read

*I cannot imagine anything less disputably respectable than prolonged
invalidism in Italy at the beck of a British practitioner*

over my shoulder

and ask me to explain

what I think it means.

Note: Lines from Mina Loy, "Italian Picture" in *The Lost Lunar Baedeker*.